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Vol.3

No.4

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In Coming Issues



AC/DC



ROGER POWELL

of UTOPIA



JUDAS CHEECH

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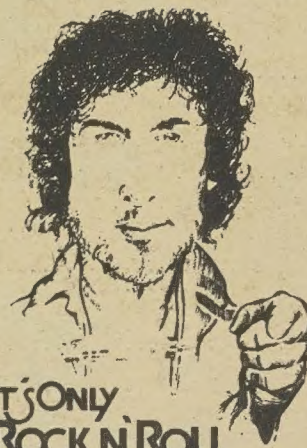
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SAN MARCOS

Discovery Records, Magic Coin, Flipside, Sundance Records

Dear David Arthur,

This is in response to your review of Ted Nugent's new Lp. It really bites my balls that you are stomping Ted into the ground. You should be stomped into the ground along with your new wave and punk rock. Heavy metal music is #1 in this town and many more other places. It pisses me off that you compare everybody to Van Halen. They're good but not as good as Judas Priest or Ted. Styx is far better than Van Wilks. Why don't you get your new wave head out of your punk rock ass and start appreciating good HM rock you jerk!

Kerry Liseheart/S.A.

(Name some other places then talk to me. Or better yet review Ted yourself. Send it to yourself.)

Dear Sir(s):

First I'd like to say what a fine job you guys are doing at IORNR. I picked up my first copy the other day and was very impressed. The concert and record reviews are right on! Also the Judas Priest interview was well done. Mr. Kimsey is right when he states that Rob Halford doesn't know what his lyrics and group image stand for, and that they are "merely trying to identify with what they think will fascinate their audience." We need more of this kind of objective writing. Keep up the good work Rock'N'Roll.

David Admire/S.A.

Dear Editor:

What the %***&#! is wrong with David Arthur? Every album he has reviewed for the last year he has cut down. I could understand it if your paper was the Disco Daily!!! But this is a great paper. Don't let some total ignoroid ruin it. Heavy Metal is where it's at and David's opinions are a nuisance.

Hev E Metal/S.A.

(Nice typing and literate — are you sure you like heavy metal? Actually, I'm sick of writing these reviews as you are of reading them. Because to review an album I have to listen to it, and some of this stuff . . .

Still, I'm not going to justify myself to you. I'm free to review as I see fit, and my tastes call the shots. If you don't like it, then don't write letters, write reviews. Then I won't have to waste so much of my time.—D.A.)

Hey, Judas Cheech,

I sure like your column of Heavy Metal Mouth. I especially liked the way you put down that buy who doesn't know what he's talking about, David Arthur. I don't see how this guy can say Ted Nugent's music is dull or that Van Halen is better than Judas Priest.

Keep on writing those great columns and long live rock'n'roll!

Michael Semersky/Schertz, Tex.

(Glad to see some smart dudes out there. But as much as I hate to say it, David A. is right, Van Halen is better than the Priest. But the Nuge is great! Rock on! — J. C.)

Dear Whoever,

Before I begin, I'd like to say one thing. By writing this letter I'm not trying to say new wave/punk is better than heavy metal (although I do have my preferences!)

I realize that S.A. has a lot of HM fans, but I don't think cretins like "Judas Cheech" have any right or reason to cut down new music, music that's trying to bring back rock'n'roll to the people.

There is one comment I have on S.A.'s radio stations. DJ's like Joe Anthony and Lou Roney may not believe new wave has an audience here in S.A., but if they played some groups like the Ramones and the Clash, they might cultivate a following or at least a tolerance for new bands. And even though I do prefer punk, I don't believe punk fans should cut down HM, because different people have different tastes, (however bland some may be.)

Also, punks are not just stupid flakes with dirty teeth, a lot of us are intelligent. We just like to listen to fresh music with something to say.

Paul Eskimo/S.A.

(Punks aren't stupid? Boy, you sure don't prove it. Anyone who puts down Joe and Lou is full of it. I hope a safety pin pierces your brain. — Judas Cheech)

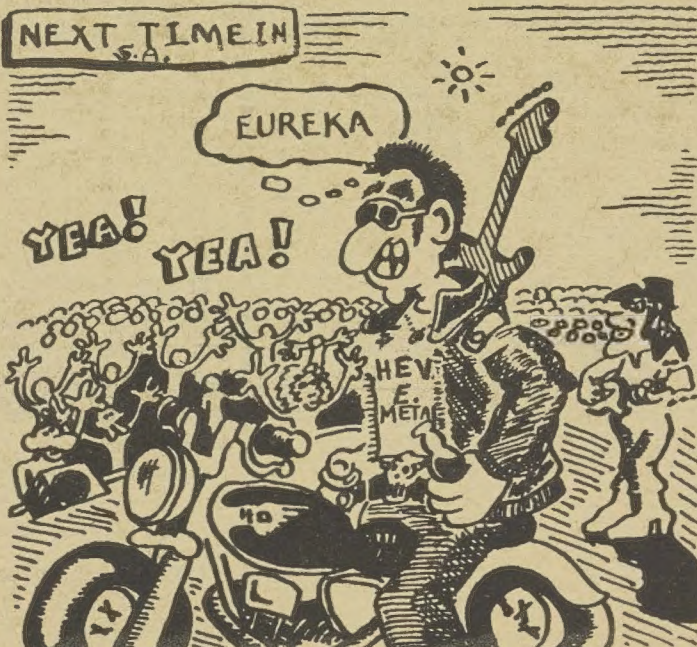
Dear David,

Thanks for the story on us. We appreciate it. It might have had something to do with how packed Skipwilly's was last time we played there.

Eric Johnson & The Magnets

BACK STREET KIDS

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IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL BACK COPIES

Now is your chance to get any back issues of IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL that you might have missed. Besides articles and interviews, each is filled with action concert photos, record reviews and more. Each back issue is 75¢ each. Please check below the issue(s) you want, clip it out and send it in. Or send it on a separate piece of paper.

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- #20—ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins
- #21—Rush pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer
- #22—Rush pt. 2, Christopher Cross, John Cale
- #23—Mahogany Rush, Van Wilks, The Beat
- #24—Triumph, Grace Slick, 999



BLACKROSE: A REFRESHING ALTERNATIVE



pic by Dana Butler

by Alan Morrison

While San Antonio's attraction to "heavy metal" continues to pulsate at a deafening level, no doubt sustained by rampaging herds of local hard rock outfits, one alternative to these loud sounds is quietly gaining acceptance among many of the city's rock enthusiasts. Performing at Big Al's on weekends, and at Skip-willy's each Tuesday, is Blackrose — a talented group for whom — a talented group for whom acoustic rock is the foundation. Blackrose provides relief for the "wood" music fans among us, many of whom sit at home and listen to CSNY and James Taylor records, while most rockers fill the city's clubs and lend their fragile ears to the heavy metalists.

"Rock is a wide musical field,"

notes Scott Byers, singer and guitarist for Blackrose, "and we realize that hard rock has much more than its share of followers in San Antonio. But we're not looking to satisfy the ruling musical demands of this city; we want to perform the music we like to hear." What Byers and fellow singers/guitarists John Martinez and Jeff Crisler, along with Bassist Benny Soliz, prefer to play is material in the vein of Neil Young, Jackson Browne, Dan Fogelberg, and J.D. Souther. And Blackrose performs the songs of these well-known artists with a polished skill that seems inconsistent with their short involvement as a group.

Original Blackrose tunes are slow in coming, however: Crisler, the band's guitarist extraordinaire, explains that "we've not been together long (less than 8 months), and we're

taking care to 'feel each other out,' so to speak." Each member of the group agrees that playing the works of established composers propels Blackrose toward a greater cohesiveness, which will be essential when the original material comes along. And when the self-penned songs are worked into the group's repertoire, Blackrose will undoubtedly rise above the local mire which drowns most young bands.

The group's forte is its vocal capabilities: Byers (who's done stints with Rusty Weir and Delbert McLinton) sings with a gentle fervor which seems to be the perfect musical interplay with the more resounding lyrical interpretations by Martinez. With the added support of the soft-sung Crisler, the band voices each song in a way that leaves the critical listener aware of the empathy each member of the group has for the other. Anyone who's witnessed Blackrose's interpretation of Stephen Stills' "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes", for instance, will testify to the carefully-wrought vocal style of the group as their voices flow delicately through the two and three-part harmonies.

If the band's vocal talent is its strong-point, then each member's skill on the guitar is a musical bonus. Jeff Crisler is the instrumental spotlight of Blackrose. From the subtle, life-adding ability it assumes when it provides a backdrop for the featured vocalist(s), to the witty, attention-grabbing energy it generates when

it is showcased, Crisler's guitar work is a marvel to be heard. Byers and Martinez, while not as instrumentally-blessed as their colleague, are able guitarists nonetheless; and Benny Soliz, who's been with the group just two months, has nicely filled the no-bass void which had plagued the band during its beginnings.

Blackrose's voices and guitars blend smoothly into a well-balanced sound that has drawn praise from the patrons of Maxwell's, Big Al's, and every other club the band has performed in. Although most members of the group's audiences have been especially impressed with Blackrose's singing ability, many listeners have further remarked about the band's emotional involvement with each of the songs they perform. It appears Blackrose will soon be ripe for the inclusion of their own compositions in their sets.

But as Martinez says, "We need to work harder and develop a better sense of ourselves as a unit. Right now, we're just a band with potential; compared with more experienced groups, we have few accomplishments to speak of." In developing their "better sense," the band has recently started incorporating the electric guitar in their sets, with hopes of increasing their musical range; and, promises Byers, a drummer will soon be added. But at least for the moment, Blackrose is a stimulating change from the usual high-decibel fare so abundant in San Antonio."RNR

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SCORPIONS STRIKE TWICE

by Barrie Hurst

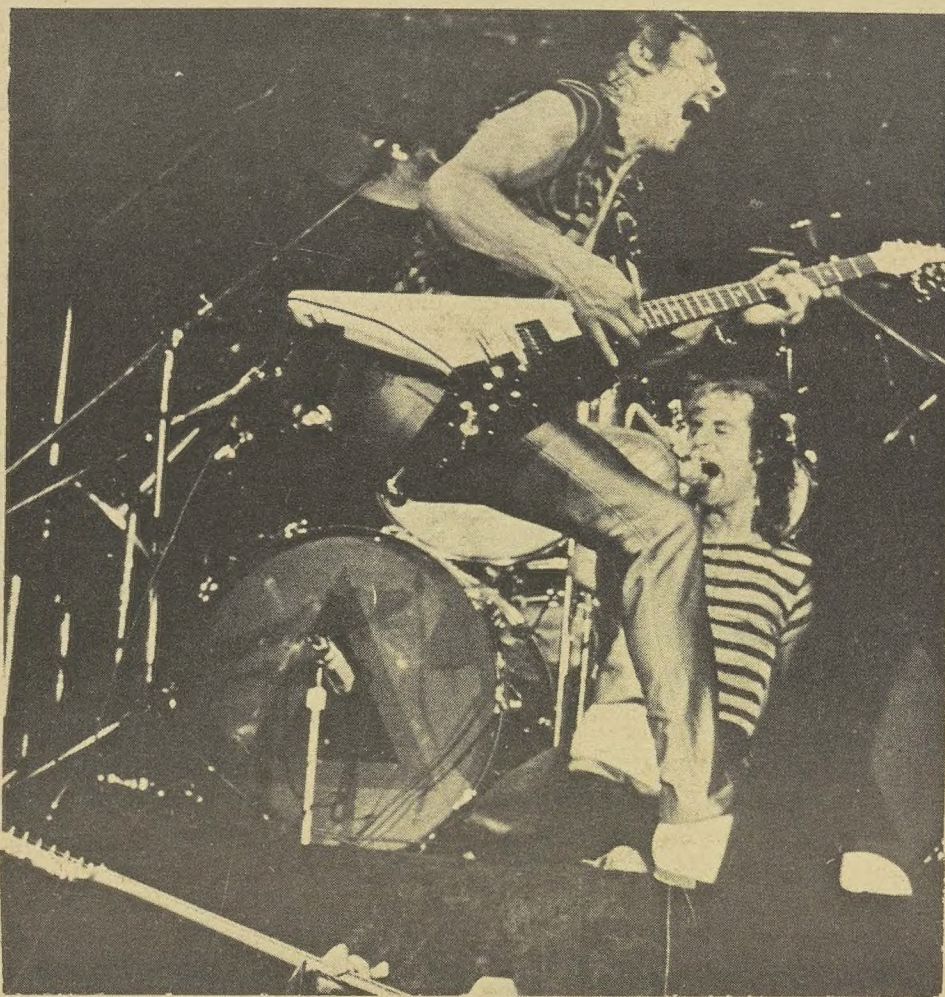
When I first found out that I was going to be doing an interview with the Scorpions my first thoughts were not of what kind of questions to ask — although that did come later — rather I was more concerned with making an appropriate introduction. But the more I thought about it the more I realized it was not going to be an easy task painting an intro that would do the Scorpions justice.

I could have started out by telling you that, while going to meet the Scorpions' manager at Record Town in Windsor Park Mall I had to squeeze through a tight knit mob of fans who were anxiously waiting for a glimpse of their favorite rock group. Or I could have told you that their debut performance in Chicago drew over 10,000 people to a limited access outdoor show with thousands more turned away by policemen on horseback. Or I could have elaborated on the group's sensational tours in Japan where they played sell-out shows twice at the Sun Plaza in Tokyo. Truth is the Scorpions have managed to achieve in six years what most groups take decades to achieve, and that is an active worldwide following that just seems to be increasing with each new album release. So with all of this taken into consideration I decided that the best way to introduce the Scorpions would be to let them introduce themselves.

Rudolf Schenker, leader of the Scorpions, was sitting back stage drying the sweat from his face and grinning from ear to ear. The adrenalin was really flowing, you could tell he was very happy with the way the show had gone and now it was "Miller time" time to relax, kickback and answer a few questions for the press.

Rudolf, one would think after receiving accolades from all over the world the Scorpions would surely be worthy of head-lining their performances. Are you anxious to headline? "The problem is, we have had chances to headline in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, San Antonio and maybe some other places but the waits between these tours are so long that we lose money from them. The reason we are now with the Ted Nugent tour is because we have the same management and Ted Nugent is a very good friend of ours."

When do you think the Scorpions will start headlining? "I think next year we can play headliner. You must go with a big act like Ted Nugent here. He's been touring for fifteen years and we have toured here in the United States, as special guest, for only one year. But we are very big in Europe and there we headline." (Because the Scorpions are from Hanover, Germany they have been exposed to the European circuit much longer than the American circuit). Rudolf pondered for a moment and then stated decisively that the Scorpions were ready and anxious to headline in America.



by Robbin Cresswell

However, since the Scorpions are relatively new to the American music scene I was curious to know whether or not they had had any difficulties breaking into the professional music circuits. Francis Buchholz, bass player, took a sip from his Coke and commented saying they had not had any problems, and then, with an optimistic tone, "we really have had quite a good reception here in the states. The record company we were with before did not want to use their power to push us, so then we changed companies and made more records and our popularity began to increase."

Taking advantage of this last statement, I inquired as to whether that was the only reason the Scorpions had for switching from RCA to the Mercury label. Rudolf, crinkling his forehead in contemplation, explained, "The changing was only that RCA was too big." Francis interrupted, saying, "They didn't want to push, they didn't want to spend money. To go on tour costs a lot of money and if a band doesn't earn enough on the first tour to cover the costs then the record company must give a certain amount of money to cover the expenses and RCA didn't want to do that. Then we found Mercury, and we record exclusively for Mercury here in America but we are on a different label in Japan."

Though I'm sure it is nice to be in a position of popularity like that of the Scorpions, I also know that the pressures can be tremendous. Living on the road is the theme of more songs than I care to mention. It seems like the whole idea of hotels, highways, and loneliness would discourage even the sanest of men. Are there times when you have felt like throwing it away and taking a nine to five job? Francis laughingly admitted,

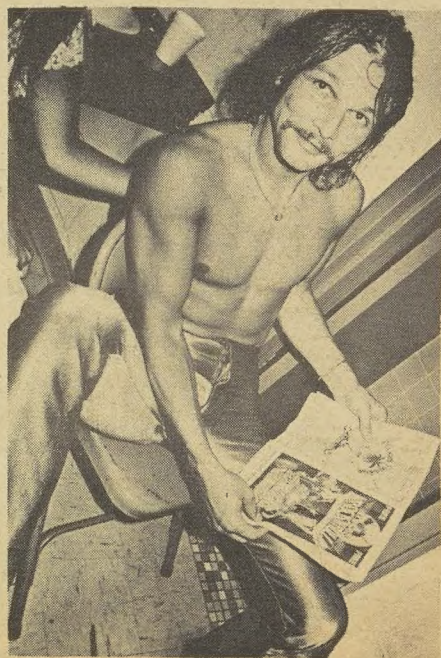
"after seven or eight months touring you think, 'well what do I do now?' You probably prefer to have a job and never go out again but, on the other hand, we always love to tour, to go to different countries, different cities, we always like it so for us a tour is mostly fun."

Changing the subject abruptly, I began concentrating on their music. Fearful that some groups might fall into, what a friend of mine calls, the Boston syndrome (when a group's music begins to sound the same) I wondered if the Scorpions were thinking about adding a new sound to their music, maybe a synthesizer. The whole group agreed that there was no reason to add a new sound to their music explaining that a group could make so many different sounds with two guitars, a bass, and drums. Rudolf began to philosophize on how important it was for people to find their direction, and if the direction should be two guitars, a bass, and drum then that is good. But, if your direction is keyboards or a synthesizer then you must find a band that uses those instruments and go that direction.

They may not have been interested in adding a new sound, but they were very anxious to start working on material for a new album which, according to Francis, should be ready by next year.

How long does it take to put together an album? "The longer it takes the better the album," said Rudolf. Then he added that the *Lovedrive* album took the longest to make. "We would like to make our new album much better. With the influence from the United States and the influence from Europe we'll put this together and make new songs. We like to give much more than just playing songs, we like to make them

perfect." I then interrupted to comment on their professional attitude. But, Rudolf retorted, "Professionalism is a very important thing. When some guy goes on stage and thinks he is very good and he goes like this and this and this" — with these last words Rudolf struck a pose with one arm up in the air waving like a Matador and flashing phony Cheshire cat grins. "Professionalism is a word, maybe when you are nearly perfect — on time — when each person sings or plays at the right moment, that is professionalism. It is all good timing, it makes us



by Robbin Cresswell

sound good and it makes the audience feel good. But you can't have a good timing every day. The first important thing is how we feel, second important thing is when we feel good vibrations and the audience feels good vibrations then we and the audience take each other higher."

So what would you say the band's philosophy is as far as success is concerned and handling it? "The most important thing is to be satisfied with what we are doing," commented Francis. "You see other bands who are playing for money and they don't care about the music. That is not our way, so we like to be true to ourselves. We decided to become musicians because we wanted to live this dream, to go everywhere and play everywhere — we love this dream." Rudolf looked down at his hands and slowly rubbed them together as he began, "that is one reason we cannot say that one album was very bad. What we say is, we did the best this time that's all you can do."

With that last statement spoken so sincerely I could not help but feel that the Scorpions have really gotten what they deserve and at the rate they are going they should have no problems expanding their dream to last a lifetime. Just before I left, Rudolf had one last word for me that was, he enjoyed playing here in San Antonio and looked forward to coming back in December. I told him that the Scorpions fans were looking forward to it just as much as he was. I guess it's true that once you are stung by a Scorpion you never forget what it is like. — RNR

GODZILLA STOMPS S.A.!

SEEPAGE FROM DEEP, BLACK BRITTLE
EXPERIMENTS WHICH FAILED
AND TRANSFORMATIONS TOO HARD TO FIND
"I WAS OVERCOME AND TURNED TO RED".
DUSTER'S DUST BECAME THE SALE.
LUCIFER THE LIGHT. A RESTLESS MOTION
CAME TO MOVE AND THEN SUBSIDE.
IN ENDLESS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—
IT'S TIME. TYRANNY & MUTATION.
TYRANNY & MUTATION. — Blue Oyster Cult



by Greg Maston

by David Arthur

Out of the shrouded mists of time, one can still see the event as it must have happened eons ago (Or at least last week): the towering figure of the Cultosaurus Erectus as it lifts its long neck above its body, searching for . . . prey. Suddenly, this distant cousin of the Horn-Swooped Bungo Pony spots its intended victim, and as swiftly as a creature doomed to extinction can, it strikes. Another poor tree gone!

"What are you, a wiseguy?" Eric Bloom asks me in response to my question about when the remains of the Erectus were first discovered. "It's all on the back of the album cover".

Well then, doesn't the implication of the title of your new Lp (named after the above mentioned beast of prey, **Cultosaurus Erectus**) bother you, since it says you are a dinosaur rock band, and dinos have a habit of going extinct?

"Well, I guess if there's some sort of volcanic dust cloud or something that goes around the earth, and if it sets up some sort of inversion layer, and there is, perhaps, an ice age, and we can't deal with it, then we might fade away. But I don't think that'll happen for awhile yet, so I guess we'll be around for a couple more years. "Eric manages to spiel all of this out, without laughing. Yet one gets the feeling that he's laughing loudly inside.

What? Oh, forgive me dear readers. I forget to make introductions as I usually do. You'll want to know who Eric Bloom is, and what relationship he enjoys with the Cult. Well, the truth of the whole sordid matter is that Eric is lead singer, guitarist and sometime keyboardist for Blue Oyster Cult. The other members of this crusade against fossilization are Albert Bouchard (drums & vocals), his brother Joe (bass & vocals), Allen Lanier (guitars & keyboards) and the legendary Donald ("Buck Dharma") Roeser (guitars, keyboards, bass, vocals and everything else except the drums and the radar range). Cripes, doesn't anyone in this band not sing? Can't they keep their mouths shut . . . oh, good work, Allen.

But, as usual, I ramble, albeit more demented than usual. But Mr. Ron gave me a whole page and a half to fill, so there may be brief interludes like the one just past which makes sense to no one, except Jim Beal. Well, I've kept Eric waiting, so let's hear him speak.

How did BOC get it's rather, um, unique name?

"We were submitting demos to a label that hadn't liked us the year before, so we needed to change our name. Sandy Pearlman had already written a song by that title, and when the band couldn't decide on a new name we let him pick one. He picked that title. The song was later recorded and included on **Secret Treaties**. It was renamed "Subhuman".

Didn't the band record two albums before becoming BOC?

"Yes, both for Elektra. The first one was written before I joined the band. Their original singer left during recording, and I replaced him. But the material was all wrong for me, not in my range. That's when we were known as Soft White Underbelly. The next year Elektra gave us another try, this time as Stalk Forrest. But they didn't release it, and so onward we went. Some of the Stalk Forrest material may have been incorporated into later songs, but none of the songs have been released, though I understand that Lp has been bootlegged."

Before proceeding, dear readers, let us ponder the mystery of BOC. A heavy metal band, yet critically well-liked. BOC seems to be most people's token HM band. They have had comic books based on them, or rather, on their songs. Is it just that the band's collective tongue is firmly imbedded in its collective cheek? Is it their technologically informed heavy metal attack? Their versatility? This is one of the mysteries of . . . The Cult.—

We do make a conscious effort not to be a stereotyped heavy metal band. I think we have a lot . . . of fun with the material we write. You know, it sounds serious, but there's a lot of inside jokes and cynicism to it. I mean, take something like "Godzilla." That's not really a

serious song. However, "The Reaper" could be, because Donald was being serious when he wrote it. Sometimes we're kidding around, sometimes we're serious. I don't think most groups have such a sense of humor about what they're doing. That may be the reason."

Let's get back to Eric, as I ask him the billion dollar question: how did he meet Michael Moorcock, famed British Sci-Fi writer and poet, and sometimes lyrical collaborator with Hawkwind (I worked them in again) and now with BOC. Moorcock also has his own band, the Deep Fix, and has received numerous awards for his various writings. He recently adapted the Sex Pistols' movie, **The Great Rock & Roll Swindle** to print. The two songs he's written with Eric, "The Great Sun Jester" and "Black Blade" are damn great. Enough plugging, let's find out how Eric met him.

"I'm really into science fiction. I started reading Michael's stories, and I thought they were great. It goes back to 1977. Elric, one of his creations, was one of my favorite characters. I wanted to write an Elric song— actually I wanted to write a conceptual album about the character and a movie. This goes back years and years ago. Of course, I didn't have the ability then to finance it. I'd like to try to write a screenplay with Michael, or maybe a conceptual album/video disc. This was all in my mind. I didn't know him or anything.

"So I called DAW Books (Moorcock's publisher) and said 'I'd like to get in touch with Michael Moorcock' and they said 'Write a letter care of us, and we'll see that he gets it'. So I did and about ten days later he called me on the phone. In the letter I explained who I was, that I admired his work and that I wanted to do an Elric song. So he called me, said he was a big fan of Blue Oyster Cult, loved "The Reaper" and was really into the group. He said he'd like to send me some lyrics. A month went by, and I got five or six lyrics in the mail from him, and one of them was "The Great Sun Jester". Still we had never met. I wrote the music to the song and sent him a tape. He

loved it. This was a pre-production tape.

"He was coming to New York anyway, so I spent the afternoon with him. That's how we met. It was probably six to eight months after our initial conversation."

One thing that is refreshing about Eric is that he doesn't mince words. When asked about the previous Lp, **Mirrors**, he is candidly honest. "It was a calculated attempt to gain a larger audience. It failed." Can you imagine someone in Styx admitting that? Didn't think so.

"Rossignol's curious, albeit simply titled book the **Origins of a World War**, spoke in terms of **secret treaties**, drawn up between the Ambassador from Plutonia and Deadinova the foreign minister. These treaties founded a secret science from the stars. Astronomy. The Career of Evil." — BOC

Another irrelevant quote? You decide. It's easier for me to copy something than to come up with words to entertain you all. But then, that's what the interview is for. Poor Eric, he must be getting sick of these delays. I know my tape machine is.

Let's see. I know, I'll ask him how the group sets about recording an album.

"Well, each of the group comes in with ten or twelve songs on tape, about 60 altogether. We take them all home, listen to them, and those that are unanimously liked are considered for the Lp. That's about 20. Then the producer will go through and knock it down to 15. Then we rehearse them, and play them for awhile, and go into the studio with ten or eleven songs. After we record them, we pick the best eight or nine."

Why isn't Sandy Pearlman producing the Cult anymore?

He'd been with us for six albums. It was time to change. Tom Werman (Cheap Trick's producer), who produced **Mirrors**, emphasized us as a pop band. That was a mistake. But if you look at the songwriting and playing credits on that Lp, and on any of the others, you'll see why it was the way it was anyway.



"The way I see it, the band has gone through three stages. The first one ended with the first live album, (*On Your Feet Or On Your Knees*), the second, more accessible stage ended with the second live album (*Some Enchanted Evening*), and *Mirrors* was a stage all to itself."

You were talking about producers a while back. What should a good producer do?

"Make your stereo sound good. That's why I like Pink Floyd so much because they sound so good on my stereo. A producer should add sound quality, just like a good show should be well-run, and have good sound."

Was this a good show?*

*(The Jam/Pace S.A. show which was originally scheduled to have Alice Cooper, Shakin' Street, Bram Tchaikowsky, Riot, Black Sabbath and BOC, but which finally had only Riot, Sabbath and BOC.)

I think so. The promoters had problems. The original site was outside the city limits. The police wouldn't provide security. We even sent a man down here, to see if the department wouldn't change its mind, or if it wasn't possible to get private security. But it couldn't be done."

One last question. How did the Cult get it's symbol?

"The artist who did our first Lp cover, Gawlik, saw the symbol in a book, and just used it in the artwork. We saw it, found out that it was a Greek sign over 5,000 years old, standing for chaos, and decided to keep it because it was appropriate."



There, everything you wanted to know about nothing and also about BOC. If you're not sick of my demented typing, my fingers are. "Mr. Philips, this paper will self-destruct in thirty seconds". RNR

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It's Only Rock'n'Roll editor Ron Young and his bride Sharon when asked by the preacher if they would take each other as man and wife instead of answering 'I do', shouted, "Let it rock!!"

ROBIN LANE-BUSTING CHARTS



by Clyde Kimsay

by David Arthur

"It was some of the same songs, but with different people playing them. I never really did 'Banks of the Ohio River' replies Robin Lane in response to my question about her folksinging past. (She played guitar and sang harmony on Neil Young's *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*). 'I met my band (The Chartbusters) at a club called the Rat in Boston (in 1978). It was sort of spontaneous, but I was looking for a band.

As she continues it's hard not to notice the yawns that are being held back. Having driven from Lubbock all night so as to be able to play at Skipwilly's it's easy to understand the state of exhaustion. Still, to her credit, she still managed to turn in a good energetic hour of rock and roll which reminded one not unfavorably of Roger McGuinn. The songs, all taken from the band's debut album, *Robin Lane And The Chartbusters*, were well done. Still, it's hard not to notice the state of the band, so I prompt her as to whether this was what she expected of being on tour.

"Well, it was like this when we first started out in Boston. No one knew us. But this is what I expected. Sometimes it's work, but it's usually fun."

"Rise above the local band scene?" she responds, to my query. "We were just lucky. People seemed to like us, we got covered in the press. People did a lot of writing about us, and they heard about us in New York. Still, they were writing about other bands, too."

Suddenly bassist Scott Barenwald jumps in and starts asking questions, taking over my role, as it were. As this conversation progresses this scribe gets the idea that someone just might be putting him on. Scott prompts Robin about songwriting and viola!

"Any number of things inspire me to write a song, but right now I can't think of them," she smiles. "I Don't Wanna Know" was about Sid Viscious. Remember him? Well, it was right after Nancy Spungen died, the girl they say he killed."

"Quite away from 'Round And Round' (Neil Young song) isn't it," chimes in Scott (helpful fellow, isn't he?). Lane responds with a shrug of the shoulders and a noncommittal "yeah."

Still feeling that a put-on is lurking, I switch to what I feel is safe ground. What, I ask, got you interested in music to start with?

"My momma," Robin replies. "Like, I didn't talk when I was little, I sang. And my parents always told me I was going to be a singer. Even before I was born, my grandmother went to a fortune teller, and was told I would be a singer. I'm sorry. I can't help what the cards say." (The put-on strikes!)

"I like my songs to be honest. Because then I feel better when I'm singing them for the 9,000th time. I have certain beliefs, but I can't say if they're always transmitted in my songs. I try to be truthful, though."

What does the future hold for Robin Lane and the Chartbusters?

"A second and a third album. It would be nice to be real successful, too. Not that the first album isn't. But it would be nice... (wistfully). Right now we're thinking of getting Bob Ezrin (*The Wall*) to produce the next Lp. He's on the staff at Warner Bros., and we like to use him. I want to hear some of the things he did with Alice Cooper."

Gradually the interview ends. Nothing is left to say, and so good-byes are made. Still, this scribe doth think that soon more people will be hearing this group. Maybe they won't have to play Lubbock then.

**RNR

ROCK'N'ROLL TIDBITS

Ian Anderson has revamped Jethro Tull with sweeping changes in the line-up. Gone are Barriemore Barlow, John Evan and David Palmer. Enter the highly-rated keyboardist Eddie Jobson of U.K. and Los Angeles drummer Mark Craney. Remaining in the band are lead guitarist Martin Barre and David Pegg, the former Fairport Convention guitarist who joined Jethro Tull last year.

The new Jethro Tull band have been rehearsing and recording at Anderson's Maison Rouge studio in London. The album entitled, "Alert" was originally scheduled to be an Ian Anderson solo effort, but with the new impetus it will be released in September as a Jethro Tull Lp.

Anderson, who had been frustrated by the old line-up for some time, finally took the dramatic plunge. He felt that his ideas needed interpreting by new blood. The major signing is Eddie Jobson whose exit from U.K. must throw the future of that band into doubt.

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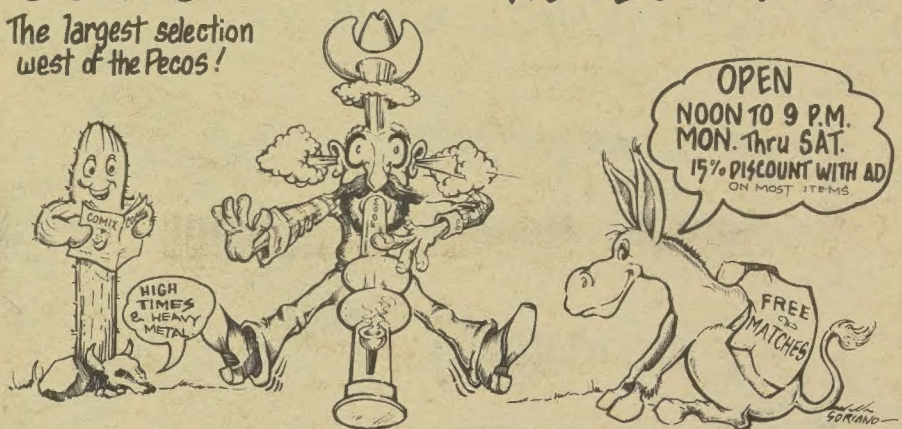
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KROKUS — SWISS ROCK

by Judas Cheech

"It's that much more difficult to get people to take you seriously, simply because Switzerland has no heritage where rock is concerned," relates Mark Storce, lead vocalist of Krokus, the six-man, heavy metal band from Zurich. Indeed, the odds against survival for a band from a country better known for watches and chocolates than rock music are seemingly unsurmountable. But Krokus has persevered—and the result is a sound that's loud and very heavy, but at the same time polished and tight.

Their debut release on Ariola in the states, **Metal Rendez-vous**, has broken every sales record in their homeland, and has received rave reviews in England. As **Musicians Only** magazine put it, "...they aren't just another bunch of power-chorders... Their sound is very cleverly put together with that vital distinction between the two guitar sounds that keeps texture in their music, enriching the overall sound instead of simply thickening it."

Krokus' earlier **Painkiller** album earned them a devoted following in Switzerland, and the band agrees that **Metal Rendez-vous** is their best work yet. The rock magazine **Sound** and **Record Mirror** both awarded it four stars, and its release in the states promises to create a trans-Atlantic furor.

For Krokus, the road to this success has been rocky all the way. Formed three years ago, they lived in attics while they struggled to survive, played the nightclub circuit on the Costa Brava six hours a night, seven days a week, and somehow managed to pull through crisis after crisis. Perhaps their strength and power derives from the early, lean days. As bass player Chris von Rohr puts it, "Clubs are the best school for a band like us. Six hours a night of fun, power and feeling really gets to you, hardens you, and makes you feel professional."

A solid foundation of friendship exists among the band members. It's evident in their hysteria-inducing performances, and in their energetic approach to the material they play. Chris von Rohr started out as the band's drummer, and sang for awhile, before becoming the Krokus bassist. He describes himself as a "part-time hippie, and a full-time loon." Tommy Kiefer's lead guitar is misleading: at first soulful and melancholy, his leads take off on a second's notice into the raucous and driving sound the band is famous for. Fernando von Arb provides blood and guts rhythm guitar chording, and drummer Freddy Steady keeps a straight, uncomplicated beat. The vocals are handled by Mark Storce, the last




member to join the band. His voice covers a three-octave range.

Jorge Naegeli is the group's invaluable sixth member. A former bassist for the group, he was consistently outraged by the ineptitude of Krokus' former sound mixers. He put away his guitar and took a place behind the control board. He knows the ins and outs of every technical effect in electronic rock, and his understanding and feel for the band's music is aided by his experience as a player.


Metal Rendez-vous overflows with the energy of this able roster. "Back-Seat Rock and Roll,"

"Heatstrokes," "Bedside Radio," and "Tokyo Nights" are all roaring, powerful tunes honed by the talented production and engineering of Martin Pearson (Queen), Jeurg Naegeli and Ursli Weber. Recorded at Platinum One Studios in Switzerland, the entire album was cut in two weeks, which accounts for what Storce describes as the "crisp, fresh results. It's so important for the energy to come across on the record." One listen confirms his statement. Heavy metal may never be the same. Now you know who KMAC-KISS'S mystery band was. **RNR**

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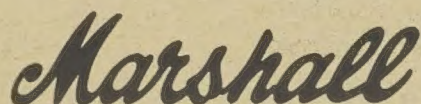
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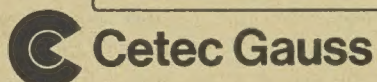
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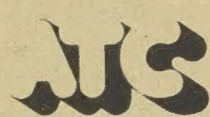
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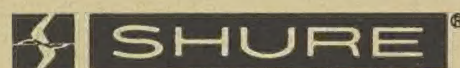
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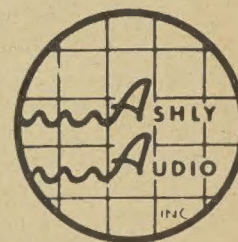
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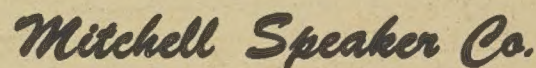
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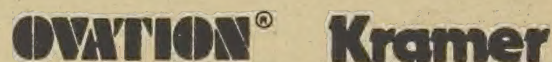
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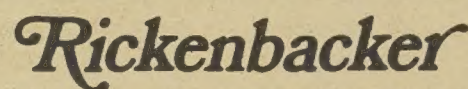
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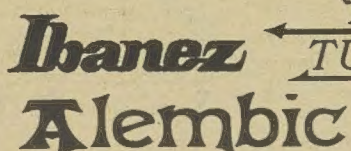
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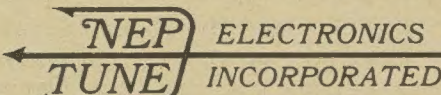
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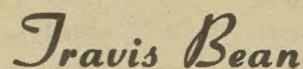
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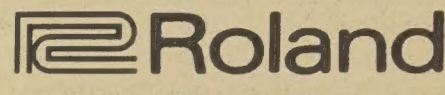
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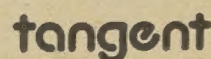
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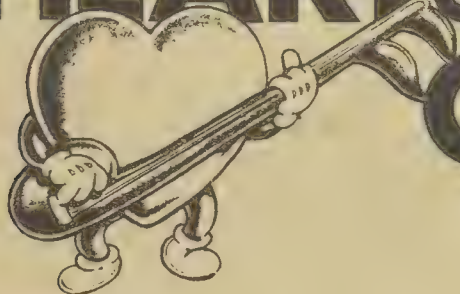
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HEART OF THE CITY



by Jim E. Beal Jr.

Heart has been slightly out of commission for the last few weeks, felled during the annual softball wars by a clumsy right fielder who should be hauling coal from Wyoming.

Lugging a hip-to-toe cast to the bathroom is tough enough — forget clubs and concerts. No, No, don't panic kiddies — I'm not about to bore you with hospital tales and cripple stories. What I am gonna do is shoot a few quickies and short subjects by you.

It's too hot to read long stories anyway.

If you've not been by Apple Records recently you're doing your record and music gimmick collection a distinct disservice. Monte and Steve and whoever else is involved there now have really packed the place with some interesting stock.

When Monte opened his doors a few years back he had about 200 records, even less money and quite possibly a shortage of good sense. Now the little Basse Road store is packed to the ceiling with vinyl and related necessities like buttons and posters.

Apple's prices are low and the quality high and this is no love-in so just go see for yourself.

While on the subject of cheap and good records — I must say that I'm generally leary of flea market record sellers. Not that there are people in the record business who would consciously rip you off or anything. But there are people in the vinyl peddling biz who wouldn't know a rare record from a tree stump but would price both of 'em at \$25.00.

If you want a fair deal for your money you should check out Hogwild Records in the main room of the Northwest Center Flea Market.

Dr. Dave shepherds his flock of, wonder of wonders, NEW * FRESH * UNOPENED * UNSCRATCHED * UNDOCTORED albums every Saturday and Sunday. This guy knows his records and prices them according to what they're actually worth. Why do I write about honest people when I could be writing about gangsters and sitting around Las Vegas with Mario Puzo?

Many thanks to Frank Rodarte for the kind words he put in his Action Magazine column about Heart. In case you missed it Frank (who, incidentally, is one of the best saxophone players who ever wet a reed) would like me

to accompany him on a tour of the Chicano music hot spots with the purpose being spreading the word about the local Onda Chicana talent.

The Hispanic community of Alamo Town has produced some of the best musicians in the world. A lot of them remain unknown to the Anglo community. The reverse is also true. Perhaps Frank and I can do our bit to rectify the situation.

And now a record review. I could probably sneak this into the actual record review section but it's just too classy to be sandwiched between David Arthur and Ron Young.

Trust me when I tell you "Stuart Margolin and the Angel Sings" is the best record to be released in the summer of 1980. It's Warner Brothers BSK 3439 for you numbers freaks.

If you don't know Stuart Margolin you may know Angel from the Rockford Files — the consummate sniveler. They're one and the same.

Somehow Angel managed to come up with a band including the likes of Byron Berline, Sonny Terry, Jim Messina, Jim Horn, Jerry Riopelle, Johnny Gimble and Doug Coulter to name a few.

"Stuart Margolin and the Angel Sings" is country swing of the finest kind. Bob Wills would have been proud to say "Ah, take it Angel." Margolin doesn't get fancy and you never quite shake the feeling Jim Garner will pop in with a harmony line at any time but songs like "Silly Old Gigolo" and "You Ought To Say Me A Prayer" sound like they were written especially for Angel.

Pardon me, but I must find Miss Neesie and slide across the front porch to Angel's "Waltz Across Texas."

This column, hell, the entire magazine, keeps getting complaints about local concert promoters, exorbitant ticket prices, rude clerks at ticket outlets, blah, blah, ad nauseum.

It's time to face facts, kiddies, there's little peace, love or brotherhood left in the world. Some people in the music business could care less about you poor suckers who fork over your grubby bucks to watch/listen to a few minutes of noise from the bands you've helped to make it big.

Frankly, I'm tired of hearing you whine. You know which promoters are consistently causing you hassles. Quit going to their concerts.

Next time you're tempted to spend \$10.00 or \$12.00 for ONE concert ticket follow these simple instructions:

1. Take a twenty dollar bill to your favorite record store. (Say 20 because you're not going alone — nobody buys one ticket.)
2. Buy a couple of records or tapes by the group you're tempted to see. (If you're a smart shopper you should have \$5.00 in change.)
3. Take your change to your favorite poster shop.
4. Buy a poster of the group you're tempted to see. (If you're still a smart shopper you should have about 60 cents in change.)
5. Take your change to your favorite dime store.
6. Buy a roll of kite string and a package of cup hooks. (Smart shopper or not you should have shot the hell out of your twenty dollar bill at this point.)
7. Take this stuff home and stash it until the night of the concert by the group you were tempted to see.
8. At 7 p.m. on the night of the concert by the group you were tempted to see, take the albums, poster, kite string and cup hooks out of the place you stashed them.
9. Screw the cup hooks into various places in the ceiling of your favorite music listening room. (If your parents get mad at you tell them it's a school project.)
10. Poke holes in the corners of the poster. Run the kite string through the holes and hang the poster from a couple of the cup hooks you screwed into the ceiling of your favorite music listening room over the firm protests of your parents who are going to like step eleven even less than step nine and will probably leave the house soon and besides you were thinking about getting your own apartment anyway.
11. Put one of the records by the group you were tempted to see on your turntable (or put the tape in the tape deck) but don't turn it on. Wait until 8:30 or 9:00 then turn on the music — real loud.
12. Grab the kite string that's strung through the cup hooks screwed into the ceiling tied to the corners of the poster and yank it around.
13. You have now created your own concert by a band you were tempted to spend a bale of money on and you are in complete control. This band will play all night and jump around for as long as you want and you'll never have to bitch about concert tickets again.

If you have a lot of friends with whom you always go to concerts you could buy a lot more albums, posters, string and cuphooks if you pool your money.

You could even hire a policeman or rent a policeman suit for one of your friends to dress up in and not bust

you for smoking dope or being drunk in public. You could get various people to wear white shirts and act like ushers and tell you they don't know where your seats are but clear the aisles.

If you have a lot of friends you could hire a real live band to play in your living room and you could charge admission for people who are only acquaintances and make a little money.

Maybe you could even borrow \$175,000.00 from your grandmother (tell her it's for a school project) and hire a famous group and rent an arena and charge thousands of suckers \$15.50 for tickets (don't forget the service charge) and not have to get yelled at for screwing cup hooks in the ceiling. RNR

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A DAY IN THE LIFE

The deal for this month's column was for me to become a record dealer for a day. This would give me a chance to find out what the local record collectors are buying. I didn't quite work out like I expected.

I set up a table at the Northwest Center Flea market on Sunday, July 20th. Lucinda and I got there at 9 a.m. I brought about a dozen 78s, a pile of albums and a couple hundred 45s. Stuff like a Hollies Lp and a 78 copy of "Work With Me, Annie". A good assortment of 45s, too — Jack Scott, Ronnie Hawkins, Sir Douglas on Tribe and Smash, Hank Williams, Otis Rush. DJ copies by Cream, the Motors, the Byrds and Van Morrison. "Jailhouse Rock" by Jeff Beck and "Drifter's Escape" by Bob Dylan. Most of the 45s were priced at a buck or two, low enough that they'd sell. David's Disc-count City.

SHOP AROUND

Our first customer was another dealer. He looked everything over and bought a Ray Sharpe single, a Ronnie Self single and a Beatles picture sleeve. Getting cleaned out by dealers would've kinda ruined the experiment so I had also priced the records high enough that dealers couldn't make a killing. So far, so good.

An older guy came by and looked at the 78s. He remembered the obscure Webb Pierce record in the pile but the rest of the stuff meant nothing to him. Several minutes later, a full-blooded collector showed up.

This guy was easy to spot. He took 15 minutes to look closely at everything. The expression on his face never changed. When I asked what he was looking for, he mumbled something about "all kinds of stuff" and continued looking. Before buying a Duane Eddy Lp, two singles and a 78 copy of Boyd Bennett's "Seventeen", he pointed out every last scratch and mark on each of the records. He was an advanced collector. I'd seen him around before, and it was good to know that I had some stuff he needed. Record collectors are like that. The value of a particular record is enhanced if another collector doesn't already have a copy himself.

Lucinda went out to MacDonald's to bring back some breakfast and I waited for the crowds of record collectors. I waited a long time. There just weren't many customers that day.

EVERYDAY PEOPLE

One guy bought a couple of R'n'B 78s. Someone else bought a Frankie Avalon single. Everybody looked at the Fats Domino album but nobody was willing to part with a measly \$6. A middle-aged man bought singles by Bo Diddley, Del Shannon, the Royal Jesters, Dick & Dee Dee and the Sir Douglas Quintet from my bargain box. I don't think he was really a collector, though; those records probably reminded him of his high school days and, at five for \$2, he decided to treat himself to some nostalgia. Why not?

That's the way it went all afternoon. Many people looking, few people buying. I hoped to sell enough records and talk to enough people to get the drift of what type of music the local collectors were looking for but there really wasn't any pattern to it. Most of the stuff I sold was pre-Beatles, but those who were willing to talk usually said they wanted the Kinks, Mouse & the Traps, Led Zep and that sort of stuff. I couldn't draw too many conclusions.

Maybe it was just a bad day. The people next to us had a good assortment of things but they weren't moving much of it. I also brought along some political buttons and badges 'cause I figured they would sell for sure, but they didn't. I found an album I needed at another dealer's table, but he wouldn't trade for it. "We got records", he said; "we need money."

OUT OF LEFT FIELD

Late in the afternoon, when the day seemed to be a washout, a guy in his late twenties started looking carefully through the 45s. By the stuff he was picking out, I could tell he knew what he was doing. Turned out this guy was from Atlanta and was taking a cross-country record hunting trip, hoping to get to Minnesota before his money ran out.

He bought some local singled by the Chayns, Cheaters and the Memphis 3. He found the Four Lovers (they were an early version of the Four Seasons) and Johnny Burnette 45s that I'd hidden away in the bargain box. He bought a raunchy old Freddy fender single and picked out what was probably the best record in the bunch, a mint copy of "Repossession Blues" by Lightnin' Leon (Billy Lee Riley). He also bought some Chicago blues records

and I turned him on to a couple more local records that he'd missed the first time around.

He almost made the whole day worthwhile. I'm glad that he found some good records for his collection and I hope that he makes it up to Minnesota with enough money left to buy some Trashmen albums, or whatever kinds of records there are in Minnesota. On the other hand, I would've like to have seen some of those records stay here in town. The Lightnin' Leon single was a steal at \$4, and I know that a lot of you out there are looking for local rock records, DJ copies and similar stuff that I had for sale. San Antonio collectors, where were you???

After that, we packed up and went home. It had been a interesting day. I got a few leads on records. Ron Young stopped by and picked out the second Velvet Underground album in return for a Brinsley Schwartz Lp that he's given me several months ago. I bought a magazine from another dealer. And I also got a good perspective on the other side of record collecting: being a dealer isn't all fun, and it isn't all profit, either.

Since I wasn't able to find out very much new information about record collecting in San Antonio, next month I'll talk to some poeple who are record dealers on a regular basis and see what they have to say.

P.S.: No, that wasn't really Bruce Springsteen's first record. It was a joke. I made it up.

P.S.: Someone stole a box of homemade cassette tapes out of my car, and I want them back. Return them to Ron Young at Sound Warehouse on San Pedro, no questions asked. RNR

Concert Guide AUSTIN

- 8/8 — Devo/Armadillo
 - 8/28 — Gang of Four, Magazine, Members/Opryhouse (Spotlite Prod.)
 - 8/29 — Pat Benatar/Dillo
- #### HOUSTON
- 8/10 — Queen/Summit
- #### SAN ANTONIO
- 8/17 — Fleetwood Mac, Rocky Burnette/Arena
 - 8/27 — Van Halen/Arena
 - 8/29 — AC/DC/Arena

- Armadillo/Mail Order Box 3104, Austin 78704, 1-477-3548
- Antone's/7934 Great Northern, Austin, 454-0555
- Manor Downs/P.O. Drawer T, Manor, Texas 78653, 1-272-5581
- Spotlite Productions/Austin, Tickets (512) 1-441-9191
- Soapcreek Saloon/11306 N. Lamar, Austin, (512) 1-835-0509
- U.T. Special Events Center/P.O. Box 2929, Austin 78769, 1-477-6060
- JAM Productions/Concert Line, 828-6351
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IN CONCERT



(Rabbit Bundrick, Daltrey, Townshend, Jones & Entwistle.)

The Who/Austin, July 3/Super-drum/Houston, July 5/Summit
by David Arthur

For some fifteen years the Who have had legends fashioned around them. Called the world's greatest rock band, they have had to try to live up to an almost impossible image. The band's first appearance in Austin found them swamped by this legend at times, while in Houston they showed that they could still be the world's greatest band.

The two shows were virtually identical in content, with the band stretching out the encore just a bit in Houston. But in Austin the group seemed to be playing by rote. None of the passion, none of the drive to prove something came through in such songs as "My Generation". Indeed, it was the newer, weaker songs that carried the evening. Songs like "Who Are You", and "Sister Disco" were far more impassioned than "Substitute" or "I Can't Explain".

The opening song was "Substitute" and its leaden performance in Austin proved to be a herald for an erratic evening. To be fair, the group did have sound problems, and Townshend did have a smashed hand. But

the occasional flashes of brilliance on such songs as "I Can See For Miles" and "5:15" left one frustrated thru the debacle the band made of "Drowned" or the listless performance of "Won't Get Fooled Again". The songs from *Tommy* seemed perfunctory, and the encore of "Can You See The Real Me" and "Summertime Blues" seemed less spirited than they should have. The material saved the group — I mean, no matter how lifeless they were, they were the Who — but the band didn't care to save the material. Only one song came through perfectly; "My Wife", bassist John Entwistle's song, on which he sang lead vocals. The three-piece horn section seemed lost as well. They didn't play on "My Wife" but did play on "I Can See". Strange.

But if the group was disappointing in Austin, they redeemed themselves in Houston. This was their second appearance in Houston, and the group was more relaxed than they were in Austin. Townshend was constantly moving, and Daltrey's singing had a depth it simply hadn't had two days earlier. The band went through "Substitute" like it had something to prove, and continued in the same way all evening, particularly standing out on "Behind Blue Eyes," "Baba O'Riley," "See Me, Feel Me," and "Sum-

mer-time Blues." "My Generation" was full of defiance, it had renewed protest in it, and "Won't Get Fooled Again" had a strength that went beyond the limits of the song and into the depths of the band. "Drowned," with its blues interlude, was still a waste of time, but "Pinball Wizard" 's redemption, and the surprising strength of "The Music Must Change", made up for those moments. The band came back with a rousing encore, using "Summertime Blues" for all it was worth. And the horn section seemed to know where it was.

Both concerts were excellent, but the Houston show presented a band that still has something to prove, that still has yet to become complacent. If the Who can transfer this sense of renewed spirit onto record, they may still write another chapter in their legend rather than their own epitaph.



Roger Daltrey



Townshend



Kenny Jones



John Entwistle



The Kinks/One For The Road

(Arista) — And the band plays on. The Kinks are still managing to stay on top after nearly twenty years, and the major reason is their live strength. Few bands can match this group live, and this double live set gives a good indication of their virtues. The production is flawless (a live studio Lp) and the group is tight. Ray Davies seems obsessed with proving that the Kinks can't be outdone by the New Wave, otherwise why include such obscure songs as "Stop Your Sobbin'" if not to prove that the Pretenders' version is only a pretension? The group also revives "David Watts" which was covered by the Jam, and the new version is the best yet. They also completely put Van Halen in their place with a reading of "You Really Got Me" that threatens to self destruct one's stereo.

The main body of the songs come from either early or late Kinks Lps, with a good deal of *Low Budget* being included. Dave Davies, Ray's brother, asserts himself as a great guitarist (at last) and the band still seems hungry. Maybe that's why they haven't become jaded. **David Arthur

Queen/The Game (Elektra) — And yet another band goes new wave? Yep, but with an important difference. Where Joel and Ronstadt are merely copying a certain sound, Queen is risking something by trying to take their sound and remake it in a new wave mold. To their credit, they've succeeded, making this their best album. The studio excesses are gone, indeed, only "Play The Game" has any trace of the over-dubbed vocal harmonies that were Queen's trade mark. (Though simpler harmonies abound) this is their least artsy album, and suddenly melodies have appeared.

The band has also upped the energy level, and this results in their most rock and roll-oriented album to date. Brian May emerges as the best songwriter and singer, with such contributions as the haunting "Sail Away Sweet Sister" while he still tries death defying trickery on guitar. Mercury finally, after 8 Lps, sounds like he really means what he's singing, and seems to have given up at playing God, at least for now. A brave attempt to keep from being a dinosaur. **David Arthur

Huey Lewis and the News/Same

(Chrysalis) — Coming out of the Frisco Bay Area this hot band has just that shot of pop rock the doc ordered. They group is made up of vet players some of which have played with the likes of E. Costello (former Clover keyboardist Sean Hopper), some of which have written a song for Dave Edmunds (leader Lewis "Bad Is Bad"), some of which have older brothers who are former super star guitarists (bassist Mario Cipollina's bro John is reknowned for having been with Quicksilver Messenger Service). Anyway if you like the Nick Lowe/Dave Edmunds school of pop'n'-roll then you'll love Lewis & the News. Stay tuned-in. **RY

Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons/Screaming Targets

(Columbia) — Australia is known more for its weird bands like Skyhook and its hard rockers like AC/DC than for what Jo Jo & Co. are trying to do. Joe Camilleri is the Graham Parker of the Down Under and despite Geep's shining presence on the '80s rock scene I believe there's room still for Joe and his Falcons. Their debut reminds me of Parker's *Howlin' Wind* debut Lp. "Hit and Run" is the best Reggae-styled cut and if the song "Don't Wanna Come Down" isn't released as a single then CBS isn't listening. All first rate songs and performances. One of the best debuts in years. **RY

THE CURE/17 Seconds

(Friction) — The Cure is a mysterious band. Their first album *Three Imaginary Boys*, offered no photos of the group (something I still don't understand); moreover, no song titles were displayed anywhere.

For their second release, titled *17 Seconds*, the band includes song titles, and even offers a few photographs, although a bit blurred, on the album's back cover. The music is more mystifying this time around: it's decidedly oblique and almost trance-like. Most of the compositions have a steady pulsebeat that employs syndrums, splashes of keyboards (from new member Matthieu Hartley), and the subtle rhythm guitar workings of songwriter Robert Smith.

Smith's songs paint pictures for your mind, and you may find yourself drawn into the settings of his compositions. In my favorite track, "A Forest", for example, I find myself lost in the frees with the author. Fuzz-bass by another addition, Simon Gallup, and Hartley's haunting keyboard create the eerie sounds we hear "At Night."

The Cure hasn't yet been signed to an American label — a near-crime when you consider that a group like the Beach Boys, who haven't had a new idea in a decade, continue to rack up sales by selling fifth-rate albums. Well, let's just thank God for imports; if only the prices weren't so high! **Jeff Webb

Motorhead/The Golden Years

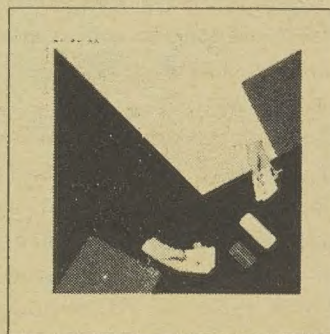
(Bronze) — Still the best heavy metal band, solo for solo, riff for riff, and this live Ep merely confirms the obvious. What seems over-powering in the studio is unbelievable live. Motorhead can laugh at itself and they've never been pretentious, maybe because they like being a heavy metal band, and because that's all they want to be. Whatever, they're still the best. **David Arthur

Buy Or Die/Various Artists

(Ralph Records) — Don't underestimate what you are buying. This isn't avant-garde rock, this is avant-garde "music." This Ralph Records sampler gives a good representation of the ground-breaking sounds since they seem to be cornering this music nearly singlehanded. This record broadens the line between music and just sounds. You may think it's brilliant or trash. Either way these songs are hard to ignore and are worth a few listenings.

If you've heard of The Residents, Snakefinger, Tuxedo Moon or MX-80 Sound and are curious about them, it would be a good idea to risk the dollar cost for this four-song EP. It's only available by mail through the Buy or Die ads in *Rolling Stone*, *Creem*, *Trouser Press*, etc. I got mine in a week.

Whatever your reaction is, remember it's not fair to compare it to any other type of music. The only way to judge the new avant-garde is by whether you think the groups' intent was reached in their sounds, and if there was any intent. **Clyde Kimsey



Elton John/21 At 33

(MCA) — The top pop purveyor of the last decade has been noticable of late in that he has made particularly bad records. This Lp reverses the trend, having several catchy songs on it. However, it is not a return to earlier days: the music is more sophisticated, and does not have the same sense of fun. Bernie Taupin, Tom Robinson, and Gary Osbourne write the lyrics on John's comeback and the whole thing adds up to a solid decent effort. Go for it. **David Arthur

The Psychedelic Furs/The Psychedelic Furs

(CBS Import) — Acid Rock has at last returned. New groups are joining the ranks of psychedelia daily over in England, and this is an example of the movement's attributes. The Furs play music somewhat influenced by late 60's rock, but not by American groups like Jefferson Airplane — their influences are early Pink Floyd and Hawkwind. The band has also been heavily influenced by the new wave. Short songs are the rule rather than sidelong attempts to record an LSD trip, and the band is bitingly honest. Indeed, the lyrics are almost as strong as the ones written by Magazine's Howard Devoto.

The Psychedelic Furs are more fun than a lid, and a lot cheaper too. Besides, they're recycleable. Buy now, and savor! **David Arthur

Rockin' Devils/In the Red!

(Big Time) — This four-piece band is from West Texas. They currently live and play in Austin. They're certainly not new wave or polka. They've got more in common with Sirius than the Standing Waves and should appeal to hard S.A. rockers who listen to KISS/KMAC. Quality recording and good hard rock. Play 'em Joel! **RY

Mike Morales/"Leave You"(bw)

"Tell Me More" (Local 45) — Mike Morales is a highly talented local musician who often plays all the instruments on his recordings much like Todd Rundgren does. Truth is the cat's very good and his debut 45 is a fine offering of two of his compositions. "Tell Me More" is a churning rocker on which he's backed by Tim Paco and John Wood on bass and drums. It's a standard rock tune that's impressive mostly for Mike's guitar solo. The flip is a Bread-styled ballad and should make a nice addition to local radio playlists who like that '70s sound.

The most striking thing about this self-produced record is the production itself, as well as the fine engineering by Bubba Perron from ZAZ Studios here in S.A. The packaging is also the best I've seen on any local product. **RY

Blue Oyster Cult/Cultosaurus Erectus

(CBS) — After their disappointing *Mirrors* Lp most BOC fans probably wondered where the band was headed. Once again though the Cult is on the upswing with their best effort since *Agents of Fortune*. This Lp clearly stands out over the rest of the heavy metal circus. If you're going to be a "dinosaur band" you might as well go all the way; which is what they do in the title and general packaging of the album.

BOC's mystical and aggressive, yet intelligent heavy metal is still the framework of their music but this one is distinctive and different from their other albums in that it shows them to be ready for the '80s. The only song that

to be ready for the '80s. The only songs that don't measure up are "Fallen Angel" and "Lips In The Hills." Fave cuts: "Black Blade," "Marshall Plan" (an amusing HM rock parody) and "Divine Wind." One of the few original heavy metal albums I've heard in the last five years. (B+) **Clyde Kimsey

Magazine/The Correct Use Of Soap

(Virgin) — This album is going to surprise a lot of people. Those who loved the majestic Magazine of *Real Life*, and especially *Second Daylight*; also those who thought the band was nothing more than a new wave Genesis.

Leader Howard Devoto is mortal, again. The aloofness that came to the front on the last Lp has been wiped away with the singer pleading to his girlfriend, "I'm sorry," over and over again on "You Never Knew Me," a romantic ballad.

What I really noticed about the Lp was the different styles of music present. Breakneck rockers like the opening cut "Because You're Frightened," and "Philadelphia," with the soaring guitar of John McGeough. "Model Worker" with its Farfisa organ sounds like something out of the Elvis Costello songbook. Elvis did R&B on his latest, so Magazine covers Sly Stone's "Thank You (Faletten Me Be Mice Elf Agin)," and the influence is felt on "I'm a Party" and "Stuck." Martin Hannett is enlisted as producer and the sound is sparse, looser than last Lps.

The title suggests a cleansing of some sort. Whatever, Mag is definitely fresh again.

**Jeff Webb



Carole King/Pearls (Capitol) — Is Carole washed up as a writer or is she just biding her time by releasing an Lp of tunes she and Gerry Goffin penned years ago that others made hits out of? No matter, this is the best offering King has had in many moons and is one of the most-played Lps in my home. The album was recorded in Austin with many an Austin picker on it. Appearances by Christopher Cross, Eric Johnson and S.A.'s Walker-Ford Singers among others should make some folks pick it up. Best cuts: "One Fine Day", "Hey Girl," and "Wasn't Born To Follow."**RY

The Nighthawks/Same (Mercury) — If you want some blues-rock and you feel that J. Geils has gone around the bend and that the Fab Thunderbirds lack energy, then the Nighthawks are for you. While they're not new to recording (they've made five Lps under their own name) this is their first on a major label and it's a good intro to the masses who'll hopefully buy this Lp when they've got that stay-at-home feelin' on a hot and muggy Friday night and it's midnight with nothin' good on TV and they can't afford cable, so that all they can do is buzz over to Sound Warehouse and pick up this bluesy Lp so they can coast into Saturday morning smiling. **RY

Joan Armatrading/Me*Myself*I (A&M) — Joan always amazes me with each release. Her music and lyrics could appeal to anyone but you usually find the Independent Women and the Mellow Hippie-types buying her records, those good folks with enough sense to realize that she's a spectacular singer and writer, or with the good fortune to have a friend who has turned them on to her. Because you won't hear Joan on your radio, it's a pity. However with this Lp produced by Richard Gottehrer (Blondie's former producer and Robert Gordon's) she may have a shot at the radio audience at last. There seems to be more pop energy on this hunk of vinyl than before. She's also backed by guitarist Chris Spedding and a couple of Springsteen's band. Fave cuts: "All The Way from America", "Is It Tomorrow Yet?" and the title cut.

Trillion/Clear Approach (Epic)
Prism/Young and Restless (Capitol)
Dakota/Dakota (Columbia) — Three examples of MOR rock. Prism and Trillion are both ok, neither one is stupid enough, dull enough, or visible enough to be obnoxious but while there are a couple of nice songs on each Lp earlier albums are better. Check out Trillion's or Prism's first.

Dakota, on the other hand, is a MOR gem. They have a sound of their own which is strong rather than bland, and an excellent conception of what makes good pop. The Lp might be something in the way of an MOR classic. It won't get any airplay probably, because it's good. Taste doesn't pay. Otherwise I'd be making the big bucks and Dave Marsh would be applying for a job at Jack-in-the-Box. **David Arthur



Devo/Freedom of Choice (Warners)

— Devo went for the arena on their last Lp, and this is a continuation of that move. The band is slipping. On their last one they tried to get the listener to take them seriously. Now they're taking themselves seriously, much like Kiss did after *Alive*. A devo fan club? Come off it. This beautiful mutant crap has got to stop. Devo are just pseudo-intellectuals who have failed to continue their humorous prattlings. Only two songs stand up to their first two Lps, "Gates of Steel" and "Girl U Want." If you're into Devo then you might want those two songs, but otherwise this is the pits. **David Arthur

Surf Punks/My Beach (Epic) — And my girl and my wave and my board . . . This seems to be a novelty imitation punk band that leaves you wondering just how much novelty was really intended.

All the pleasures and nightmares are magnified on songs like: "Beer Can Beach" (Watch out for those tabs!), "Big Top" and "Can't Get A Tan." When you first listen to this album you might think you're above the nonsensical juvenile lyrics but the Surf Punks know this! And the lyrics appeal to the hedonistic carefree beach bum in all of us.

Okay, the lyrics are fun and aggressive but what about the music? The rhythm guitar sounds the same 80% of the time with a more accessible punk sound. The band is

obviously affected by the surf-influenced Ramones as their song "My Wave" resembles "Loud Mouth."

Even though the lyric sheet is certain to amuse you could easily get tired of this Lp after a few listenings. (B—)**Clyde Kimsey

Blackfoot/Tomcattin' (Atco)
Krokus/Metal-Rendez-vous (Ariola)
Girl/Sheer Greed (Jet) — And the heavy metal Renaissance goes on. Blackfoot isn't new to the scene, having released more musical laxatives than I care to remember. In case you don't know, 'Foot plays southern boogie tedious enough to make you puke. I'm sorry boys but the Outlaws, Skynard and Molly Hatchet do it so much better than it makes this effort pointless.

Krokus is the newest Germanic offering of loudness. But they don't even come close to the Scorpions, being totally without spirit. Both bands are somewhat similar, since they each have extreme Deep Purple fixations. But at least the Scorps have never stolen a song title from Purple. It's the lack of enthusiasm that in the end rips this Lp. Nice cover of two cars colliding.

Girl is English, imaginative and strong. They also have been listening to the London music scene. There's an indomitable spirit and spunk here, much like Def Leppard's. But Girl's influences are more diverse and better assimilated. They play reggae ("Passing Clouds") and make an old Kiss song sound good ("But Do You Love Me"). Anyone who can make Kiss sound good deserves patronage. Almost as good as Motorhead. **David Arthur



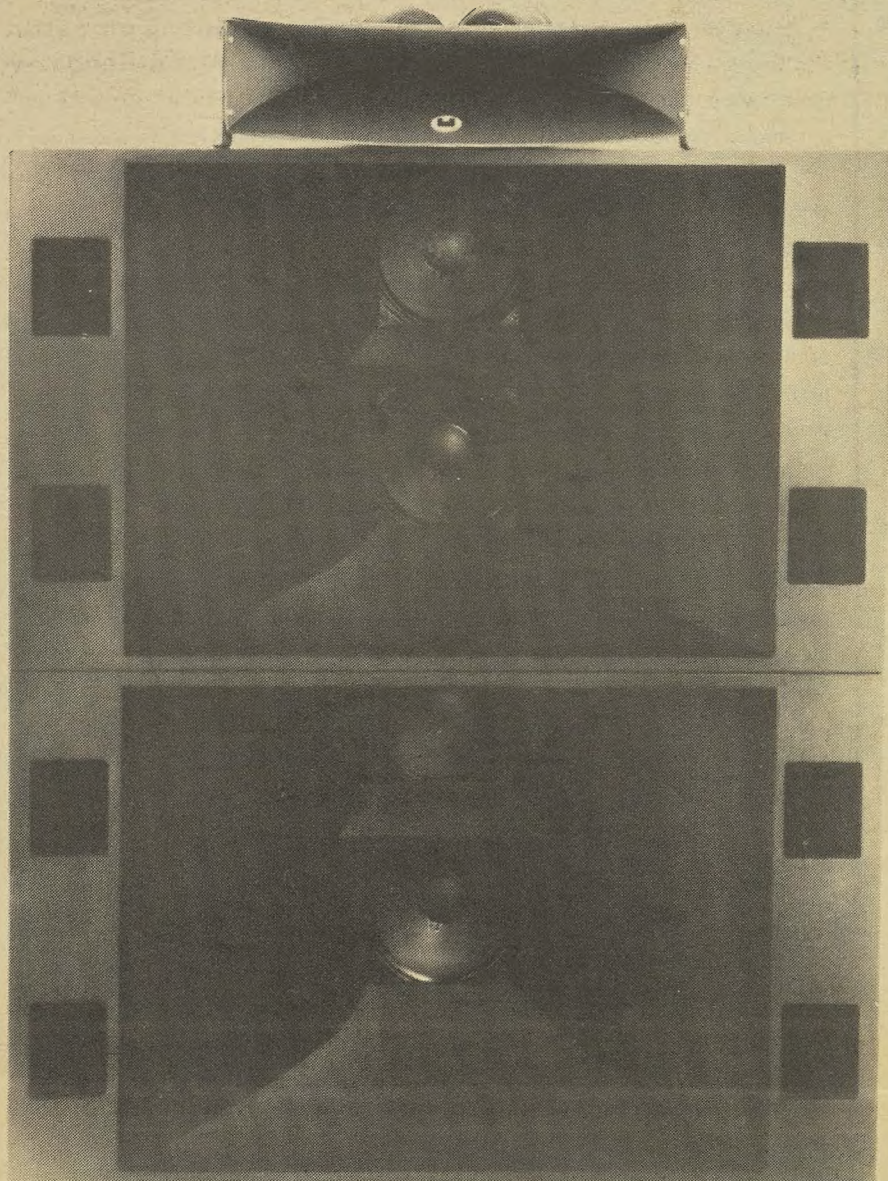
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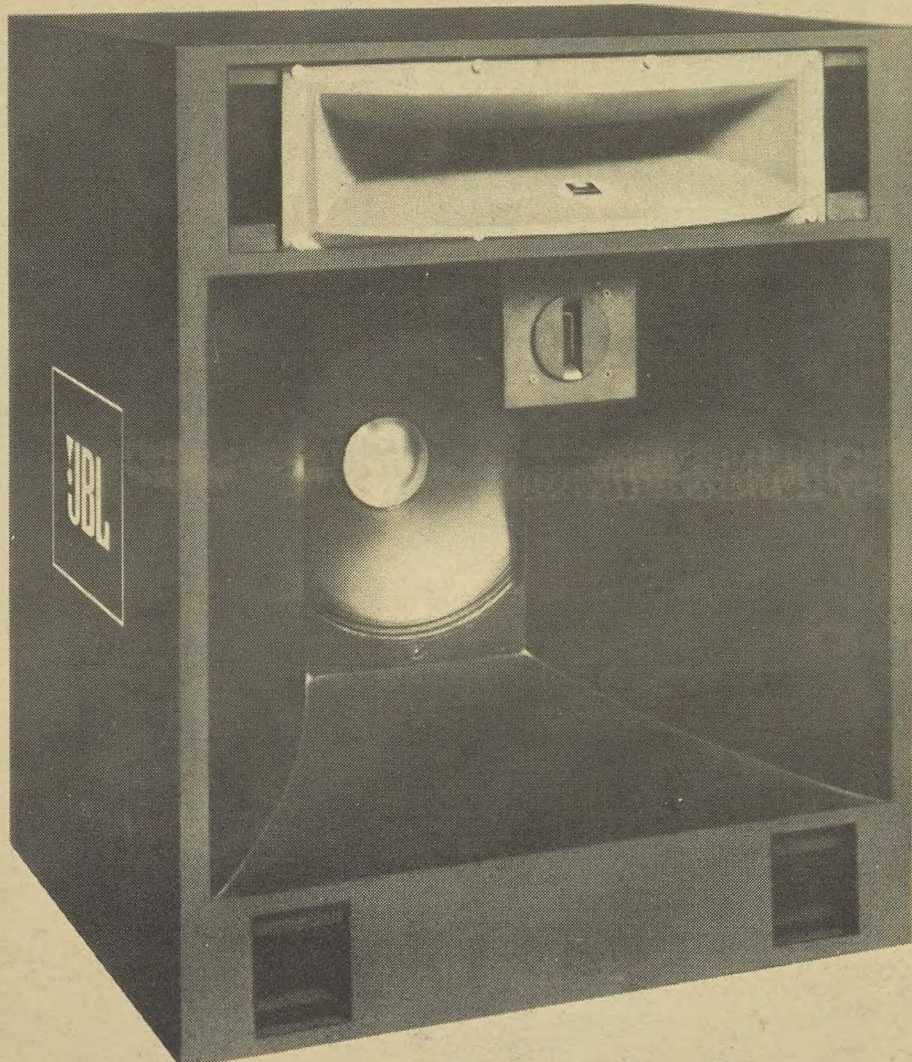
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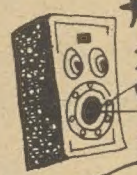
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